



Made up words.



makingfunofthings

👁 297 ✓ 20 ★ 18

Chapter 1 by Cat4055

In this story you have to use one made up word in every sentence. You can repeat a made up word.

"Xoslum , you sneaked xoslum into my food." I said, irritated not only because I was tied to a chair, but because I had no aslyx with me. And to think, I had puslian with me. Who carries around puslian, but not aslyx!

Chapter 2 by Rowan Byrne



Obviously a mositu like myself who gets captured by idiots liked this. It was ridiculous, and to think all this could have been solved with a bit of rope dissolving aslyx. What a richen.

Chapter 3 by Harlander



"Hey, glibberslij," they said, mocking me with crude gestures. "Where's the threpp?"

"You'll never get it!" I schurled. I tried manipulating against my bonds, but they held fast. I had to think fast, or I'd be ikkimatou again. I took a deep breath.

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One of them chruled me. I
zubok!

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"It'll be more of this for you."

Chapter 4 by Zack Dillon

They besnazzled and berated me.

"I don't have your grossled threpp!"

One of the plooders stood up. He was militaristic and feetchly.

I thought to myself, how in high hrongnag do I get out of here!

Chapter 5 by Coraline Castell

His long strides made a ghity sound through the wooden floorboards.

"Listen here, zubok," he began very liutly, "everything happens for a reason. Either you cooperate and gives us some threpp like that juijgen we found you with, or you'll never see your stupid allies again!"

"That juijgen has a name, you know?" Said I, not half as liut as he tried to seem.

Chapter 6 by oopsidaysy

He laughed, as he flathered his dark shmeet coloured overcoat.

"That stupid shmackle doesn't deserve a name"

He pulled out his pistol, loaded his croknag ammunition into it, and pushed it against my forehead, and shouted,

"WHERE IN THE GREAT FLOP OF KAMPOPS IS THE THREPP?!"

At that moment, I really fleebd my dinglebob...

Chapter 7 by Draeve

...Well, fleebing my dinglebob wouldn't describe what I really felt about this. Since all the jisoplats were use up in the fudis. See more of Story Wars even think about them.

"WELL? WHERE IS THE T

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I dioped at him confused, "What threpp? You shumts don't even know what you're talking about. The threpp's that cuignet, in the corner of there. I placed it in there so that the kipoties wouldn't get to it."

"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU SHMOCKLE. THERE ARE NO KIPOTIES IN THIS ROOM, THE GREAT KING OF POOPEIR FORBID IT, AND CLEANED IT ALL OUT WITH HIS GREAT AND POWERFUL WEIRFI! HOW DARE YOU INSULT THE GREAT KING OF WEIRFI!"

The shmut spat in my face as he delivered the speech. I spat in his ugly juft back, derfueored by his acidic scent and spit.

Chapter 8 by Kamo



"Alright, at this rate I'm gonna get fulfloed very soon" I thought to myself in an hoodapot.

"OK!! Do you think you can get away from being luccboured with this act?. If you Weirfi King mufhgogs about our threpps, it's gonna be an end for you Gijis--"

slap

"How dare you to irgogg our great Weirfi King!? I will make sure you dongdong this to your stubborn head and never cunjommolate again"

It was this moment when a tall, lyulush looking guys entered the room...

the end

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